NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Astoria Christmas Present.

It is fortunate for the public that Governor Roosevelt has not yet reached the summit of his political ambition. That fact makes it necessary for people with jobs that require his consent to make out some sort of plausible case for them, instead of simply jamming them through on the principle of "the public be d——d."

An attempt was made yesterday to make out such a case for the Astoria land grab, in which the State Land Board has agreed to give away to a Platt corporation part of the water front of New York for less than the thousandth part of its value. Summed up, the argument amounts simply to this—that the Astoria Company already owned the uplands adjacent to the submerged public lands, with the riparian rights pertaining thereto, and therefore that nobody but that corporation could make any use of the flooded tract. Of course the public land would be extremely valuable to the Astoria Company, but that, the high-minded apologist informs us, is a consideration unworthy to be taken into account.

It is blackmail to trade upon the necessity of another instead of upon the intrinsic value of the object dealt in. The State Appraisers passed upon the intrinsic value.

The simple answer to all this is that there is no such thing as intrinsic value. The value of a thing is the amount the owner can get for it. There are competitive values and monopoly values. There may be selling competition and buying monopoly, as when planters sell to the Sugar Trust, or buying competition and selling monopoly, as when the Sugar Trust sells to the public. In the Astoria case there is monopoly on both sides. The State has something for which there is only one purchaser, and the Astoria Company wants something of which there is only one seller. The only question here is which can make the better bargain. If each side did as well as it could for its own interests the State would have the advantage, for it does not need to sell and the Astoria Company does need to buy. But when the buyer can induce the agents of the seller to betray their client the situation is altered.

Suppose that tract of land were owned by a private individual or corporation, does anybody imagine that the Astoria Company would get it for one cent less than its value, not to John Smith, but to the Astoria Company? There would be no talk of "blackmail" then. The private owner would say: "I own something that you want. What is it worth to you to get it?"

If Governor Roosevelt owned land in his private capacity for which he could get a million dollars from somebody who had particular use for it in his business, would he sell it for $3,400 because that was all it was worth for raising crabs?

There is no need for the State to sell that land at all, and it ought not to sell it at any price. It ought to go on the safe general principle of never alienating any part of the public domain. If the Astoria Gas Company wants to use the submerged land adjoining its water front let it have a lease for twenty-five years, with a provision for the alternative of renewal or compensation for improvements at the end of that time. If the Governor wants to know how to manage a great landed estate, such as he helps to hold in trust for the people, let him ask information of the Astors. Just imagine, for one instant, that the members of the State Land Board were Astor stewards, and the tract they have given away were Astor property. What does the Governor think would happen to them?

We Must Be Polite.

It is a pity that some people consider principle inconsistent with good manners. Here, for instance, is a meeting in Omaha, with Governor Poynter, of Nebraska, presiding, to express sympathy with the Boers, and the assembled Nebraskans think it necessary to resolve:

We protest against any "courtesies" being extended to the Government of Great Britain by our civil or military authorities to the detriment of heroic people of the South African republics now fighting for the same principles that American patriots fought for.

That evidently refers to our agreement, which the elusiveness of the remarkable Macrum has thus far prevented us from carrying out, to look after the interests of British subjects in the Boer republics during the war. But that little service is one that any neutral power is expected to render a belligerent on request. It is what England did for us during the war with Spain. We did the same thing for German subjects in Paris during the Franco-German war, but nobody considered our action an injury to France.

If we are to associate with civilized powers we shall have to be decently polite. We were not subject to that necessity when we had no eyes for anything beyond our own continent, but courtesy, repugnant as it may be to some independent minds in Nebraska, is one of the essential accompaniments of expansion.

THERE ARE MANY women in this city who make money by the basket route. At the fair to be held by the Professional Women's League, Anna Held, Lillian Russell, Alice Nielsen and other women with faces like four shilling china dolls, will sell boutonnieres, photographs and bric-a-brac from baskets. They are white-handed and tender.

The dudes of the city will pass before them in worshipping review.

Down at the Criminal Court building another woman conducts another basket route to wealth. It is old "Apple Mary." Her face is not like a four shilling china doll, but she has a great nose for trade. It is like a Morris chair set back to its last notch.

The crime of a great city passes Mary in review. In her many years of industry she has seen a hundred prisoners sentenced to death. She has seen the tears of the heartbroken, and has listened to the moans of many farewells.

But Mary's basket trade has brought her happiness and an humble home. It is doubtful if the basket merchants mentioned above are as happy as she. When they have become as wrinkled and as old as Mary they will have been forgotten.

They are comets. Mary is a fixed star, which is vastly better.

A Pennsylvania Cœur d'Alene.

In Idaho the United States Government has established a "bull pen," in which are confined all those suspected of aiding or abetting the striking miners.

In Pennsylvania the Coal Trust has built a barbed wire trocha about a mining village which it owns, and has ordered the miners to buy everything they may need from the company's stores.

The miners complain that the store goods are inferior and the prices exorbitant. A purchase of groceries or clothing or bread or medicine outside that trocha means discharge, and in the coal regions discharge means starvation.

The miners have no recourse. The slavery of serfs in Siberia was never more servile. The wagons of outside stores are not allowed to enter the village or to cross the trocha.

It has been shown many times that the company stores eat up the miners' wages deliberately and intentionally.

And all this is in direct violation of the laws on the Pennsylvania statute books. In all the damnable evil of trusts and monopolies throughout the country there is no such disregard for the laws of God and man as exists in the Pennsylvania coal regions.

To the sight of a man in a balloon at a lofty altitude the entire region from Pittsburg to Wilkesbarre and from Scranton to the Virginias would resemble a virulent cancer by day and a flaming hell by night.

It is not much better than this in reality. Miners in this region have no man rights, either political or personal. They work for a beggar's mite, and it is ken from them by the robber stores. If they are ill they must live or die according to the ability of a "company doctor," whose services they are forced to depend upon.

They vote as directed, live as directed, die as directed, and are coffined in company boxes and kicked into their graves.

Can any slavery be worse than this?

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Are We Learning Too Much?

Editor of the New York Journal.

There is an educational craze abroad, and it is rapidly bringing us into trouble. * * * We need such education—as much—as will be useful to us in our life pursuits; as much as we can use to profit and advantage in the work of our lives—this much and no more. Can a laborer, carpenter, bricklayer, merchant or farmer make a knowledge of Latin or Greek, or German, French or Spanish, or of algebra, higher mathematics, astronomy or physics, of any real service to him in carrying on his vocation? * * * The education which one needs he should have; but life's most precious time, and the effort and means necessary to obtain a knowledge of these higher branches of education, should not be wasted—thrown away—to obtain any knowledge that cannot be reduced to practical paying use in the actual business of life. J. HENLY SMITH.

Atlanta, Ga.

There is much more of Mr. Smith's letter, but it is all an elaboration of this theme. We take great pleasure in saying that we totally disagree with our Atlanta friend. Mr. Smith may not know it, but he is an aristocrat. His ideal is a society with a few cultivated men at the top and a mass of mudsills at the bottom. Our ideal is a cultivated democracy, intelligent all through. Mr. Smith would make the workingman in reality a "brother to the ox."

We do not think any education too good for the masses. When Mr. Smith asks what use a laborer, carpenter, bricklayer, merchant or farmer can make of higher education we would call his attention to the fact that Elihu Burritt, who knew more languages than any six ordinary college professors, was a blacksmith, and Hugh Miller, the greatest geologist of his time, a journeyman mason.

We do not share the sordid view that no knowledge is of value unless it can be reduced to "practical paying use in the actual business of life." What is business for? To enable men to live, is it not? And if education enables them to live better, fuller and happier lives than they could live without it, it has served its purpose, whether it has anything to do with business or not.

Let us have more education, more branches and more money spent on them. There are plenty of other places in which we can economize to better advantage.

She Fears Old Age.

Editor of the New York Journal.

I am a young woman twenty-eight years old, married, and with three children. I am becoming wrinkled about the eyes and have a few gray hairs already. * * *

I have a most dreadful fear of old age. Can you tell me how to avoid these wrinkles and how to prevent gray hair? MRS. GERTRUDE C——.

Brooklyn, Dec. 12.

Do not avoid your wrinkles. Do not try to prevent gray hair. Do not endeavor to defeat the march of Time. Such things are foolish and vain.

There are women who paint out their wrinkles, look in their mirrors and flatter themselves that they are thoroughly hidden from old age. They are ostriches. They deceive nobody but themselves.

Any man of intelligence can look straight through powder and paint to the foolish intent beneath.

There is nothing so absurd as an ageing woman who insists upon being young. They are wrinkled old kittens, without charm or plausibility.

There are sere but gay matrons who insist on keeping their seventeen-year-old daughters in short frocks and pigtails for fear of adding to their own age. Men readily see through these schemes and discount them.

The secret of matronly attractiveness is to grow old gracefully. Wear a matron's clothes. Act like a matron. Let your age be an attraction and not a nightmare.

Hogs on Ferry Boats.

Editor of the New York Journal.

I take the liberty to call your attention to the way in which one of the rules printed in all the ladies' cabins of the Hoboken Ferry boats is kept. That is the rule which reads "Gentlemen Will Please Not Occupy Seats to the Exclusion of Ladies."

I think it is presumption on the men's part to sit in the ladies' cabin when they have a cabin all to themselves. Of course, in a car or train it depends entirely upon a man's manners whether he chooses to give a lady his seat or not, but I think in the case of the ladies' cabin of a ferryboat they have no right to occupy seats to the exclusion of ladies. "STANDER."

Dec. 9.

Hogs are proverbially thick-skinned and of a low order of intelligence. Moreover, there is no hog so much of a hog as the ferry hog.

They prefer to sit in the ladies' cabin because it is better kept. There may be many vacant seats on the men's side, but that makes no difference.

They also like to sit in the ladies' cabin because there they can air their freshness and parade their superior attractions before the women whose seats they occupy.

Since the ferry companies have no rules which ferry hogs are bound to respect the city authorities should take the matter in hand and see that male passengers keep to their own side of the boat unless accompanied by women.

Key West Wants Heroes' Bodies.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Will you kindly give space to this letter in reference to an article published in the Journal about two weeks ago, concerning the removal of bodies of victims of the Maine from Key West?

The city of Key West has given to the Navy Department a plot of land in the cemetery, 60x90 feet, for the purpose of burying the Maine's dead as well as other sailors. The graves are decorated twice a week by the ladies of this city. Also, through the efforts of Alfred E. Eneas, a monument has been erected. It is the life-size statue of a sailor in copper bronze, the pedestal of polished gray granite standing fifteen feet in height. The unveiling ceremonies will take place as soon as some of the ships arrive here.

Our people here will be sadly disappointed if the bodies are removed, and to remove them would serve no good purpose, as they cannot be identified. C. F. M'LAUGHLIN.

Key West, Fla., Dec. 9.

MANCHESTER ANSWERS A CRITIC

IN BEHALF OF ENGLISH OFFICERS.

I NOTICE in a recent number of this paper that a letter, believed to be from the pen of Captain the Baron von Lutwitz, German Military Attache to Great Britain, and appearing in the Militarische Wochenblatt, the organ of the German Imperial army, has been again brought to light.

The writer, in reviewing the campaign of 1881 against the Transvaal, endeavors to prove that the officer corps of the British army is solely to blame for the defeat.

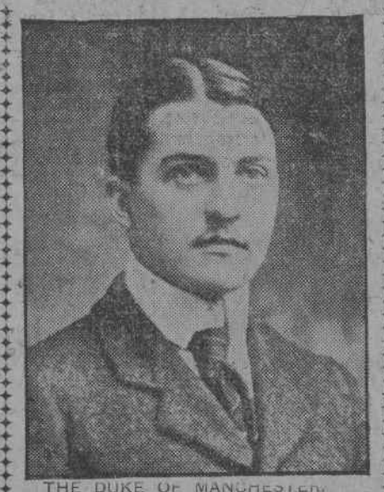
The text of his sermon is that British officers are brave but stupid. What I will attempt to show is that his minor premise is false. I do not propose to dispute the fact that the British officer is not brave, but only that he is not stupid.

He quotes the prophecy of an English major, apropos of the war of 1881, who foretold tremendous loss of men because the British officer in general did not know how to lead men against a well-armed enemy. At that time the purchase system had not long been done away with. In fact, I take it that a good proportion at least of the field officers of the British army had obtained their commissions in that way.

Since those days there has been a complete revolution in the obtaining of commissions and the training of officers, both while in the cadet stage and while with the colors. Nowadays there are only two ways of getting into the army. First, through one or the other of the military colleges, and secondly through the militia. In the first case, a candidate has to pass a searching examination in modern languages, history (constitutional, military and general, both foreign and English), mathematics, simple and higher; Euclid trigonometry, drawing, free-hand and mechanical, and geometry.

This is a competitive examination, and the competition has been getting keener and keener year by year. If successful in this examination and in the consequent medical test, which can only be compared for thoroughness to the American requirements, he is admitted either to Sandhurst or Woolwich; the former for infantry and cavalry, the latter for artillery and engineers. Here he remains for eighteen months, during which time he is taught in the most thorough manner all branches of purely military subjects—military law, tactics, topography, map drawing, fortifications, drill, riding, sword play, shooting and the theory of arms.

He has to pass an examination at the end of each term on all these subjects, and in case of his failing, he is liable to be dismissed from the college at any period during his stay there. On the termination of his course he has a final examination in all these subjects, again by competition, and, if successful, he is then appointed to a regiment.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

In the second case, supposing he prefers to pass through the auxiliary forces, from which the same routine is gone through. In the first, or, as it is called, literary examination, he has only, however, to qualify, that is to say, he has to obtain a minimum of two-thirds of the marks of the highest competing candidate.

He then joins his militia regiment for drill. During the time that he is there he has to pass his examination for promotion from sub-lieutenant to lieutenant, technically called army examination E 527, comprising again military law, tactics, topography, pay rations and field control, on the theoretical side, and drill, shooting and attack on the practical side. When he has served at least two trainings he is eligible to compete in the final military examination with the cadets, and, if successful, is gazetted.

Even when he is in the army his studies do not cease, for each step in rank brings fresh examinations of progressive difficulty, and before taking field rank he very likely passes through staff college, one of the most searching military courses in the world. Another course he will probably have to take is the Aldershot athletic course, and another, the Hythe School of Musketry, where he is taught thoroughly all technical and practical knowledge with regard to firearms and explosives. So much for his training.

Another argument that our German critic brings against the British officer is that he is opposed to "shop talk" and is in haste, when not on duty, to get out of his uniform.

As to the first, I believe that, returning to his work with the mind refreshed by an intelligent interest in other subjects, he is more likely to take in new facts than if he always keeps his nose to the grindstone. In other words, if he is continually thinking of nothing but military matters, he is liable, in athletic parlance, to become stale.

In the second case, the removal of his uniform when off duty is merely a question of hygiene. He does not, I admit, play lawn tennis, as I have seen German officers do, on returning from a long morning's parade, in the uniform which he has worn since he got up, and merely removing his sword, and which he will, when he has finished his exercise, wear still unchanged for all his meals till night. This I do not believe can be taken to argue as a want of tactical knowledge.

As to their misguided bravery, as instanced by the officers standing up, I can only say in regard to this that the strict regulation is that every piece of cover in the direct line of advance shall be taken advantage of by both officers and men. The only time when officers stand up, with the exception of when preparing to charge, is when the troops are lying down "under fire" which they are not allowed to return.

This, as is well known, is the most trying time for all troops and is the psychological moment when they require encouragement. If they see that their officers do not mind they will probably be all right, but to lie still and be pounded, with no chance of retaliation and no encouragement, with the zip of the bullets over head and all around, and the occasional coughing grunt of a stricken comrade, is liable to make the bravest troops, if they have any imagination, get out of hand.

As to the charge that we stick to the antiquated method of volley firing, I can only say that the noble captain is again laboring under an error. The form of attack as laid down in the regulations is begun, developed and ended with individual fire. Volleys are only used to steady troops that are firing wildly and get them back under control.

The most casual reference to our military regulations will prove the truth of my words, and what our German critic appears to have forgotten is that if they have moved forward of late years so have we. MANCHESTER.

CASES OF LAMPOONING AND SNUBS.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER TELLS ABOUT THEM.

I HAVE heard a story from Chicago that may be true or not. However, as it seems characteristic, there is little reason to care. It includes a middle-aged ingenue in social fields who has made some noble efforts to break into the penetralia of Newport society, and it also involves my dear friends, the Strollers. I hear that this lady is overwhelmed by the notion that she is lampooned in the Strollers' travesty—"The Lady from Chicago"—and that she had seriously considered enjoining the play. I hesitate to name the timid struggler, but to those that know Chicago society outside of the pork departments, her name must be obvious. Moreover, I hear that her fears are not without reason, and those who sat during the entertainment at the Waldorf-Astoria, laughed at certain stages of the performance without apparent reason to the uninitiated. It would be a grand thing, no doubt, as an advertisement if the lady did enjoin the play, but I really fear that some level-headed friend of hers has seen fit to point out the evils of government by injunction. Chicago, as you doubtless saw, was well represented.

The news from Paris that the life of Mrs. Walden Pell is drawing to a close will awaken sad reflection in many secluded breasts. She, virtually, is the last of the old, important Pell family, a name that once swayed power here in the city of New York. But that glory has long departed, and the good and amiable lady now passing into the hereafter has long been separated from the life of this growing metropolis. She is now more than ninety years old—she is ninety-three, I believe—and so you can see that when she was of our notables the present system was but struggling from its uncouth cocoon of trade. To-day, one does not hear so much of the Pells. Sad to relate, it is chronicled chiefly in the doings of its adolescent branches whose penchant for eccentricity and clothes are their chief claims to distinction. But that is the way of things. The powers that be nowadays would not enjoy, I fear, the catechizing of one of the ancients upon their parentage and still more distant forbears, and thus are content to let the younger members alone.

I hear that it is extremely problematical whether the Columbia will go abroad for a try at the foreign cups. The Iselins have sailed, but this signifies little. I fancy that Mr. Iselin will not care to assume the entire expense of running the yacht in the trans-Atlantic regattas, and over here there seems no disposition to help him out. Then, I am told, but how correctly I do not know, that the experiences of George Gould still serve as a reminder to American yachtsmen. Mr. Iselin doubtless does not care to endanger the entente cordiale now existing, and, as it stands, it is only with the Ulster and not the R. Y. S. that we are on good terms. In addition, the measurement rules abroad would handicap the Columbia so that she would be beaten virtually before she started. So, all things considered, it is probable that the Columbia will remain in native waters.

I would suggest to Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan that she change the name of her latest type of high caste entertainment. No doubt it has added greatly to the popularity of the first one, but now that we know that "French Talks" mean only a dissertation in the Gallic, our curiosity has abated. When the cards were first sent out there was a great deal of chatter, some of us believing that the entertainment would develop into the amazing. One hears a good deal of unpremeditated "French talk" about town, and, naturally, some of the stupids thought we were to be treated to a conversazione as risque as the best effort of the Newport ·neens. But it was all very proper and dignified, and so I suggest a change of name. Educational effort should survive unmasked, and, I fear, therefore, that a great many of us will be missing when the next "talk" is in progress.

I hear there is a great and growing dearth of young men at the over-Sunday house parties of some of my dear friends. The reason, moreover, is obvious. These parties out of town have not been arranged for discreet communion with nature, but, on the other hand, for the wooing of fickle fortune. At two great houses this is particularly plain. On the arrival of the guests, I can truthfully inform you, baccarat and poker become the diversion, and heavy sums have been won and lost before the Monday mornings came to end the festivity. Naturally, a young man with limited means has no inclination to engage in games where the stakes fly high, and where ruin may glance casually into his face upon the turning of a card. Two of the ladies who have arranged these delightful little affairs were unusually prominent at Newport last Summer, where their sayings and doings were chronicles with the eagerness due to a Pompadour, or, more aptly speaking, a Marie Antoinette. At the time of the yacht races this same lady sailed forth with a host of friends, and I heard at the time that the play in the cabin became so spirited that not one of the guests saw or cared a bit what the two racers were doing.

UNUSUAL YOUNG MILLIONAIRE

IS ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR.

ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR., who was once described by a distinguished European observer of things in this country as "the only rich man's son there who hasn't gone to the dogs" has had new and deserved honors thrust upon him.

Although the description quoted is undoubtedly an exaggeration of the tendencies of the second generation of American millionaires, the career of Mr. Stokes has been so out of the common as to excite remark everywhere.

Although only twenty-six years old, he was elected treasurer of Yale University last June. Three weeks ago he was made a trustee of Wellesley College. It was announced yesterday that he is now a trustee of Wesleyan University, Middletown. He is the youngest man who ever held any of these offices.

Mr. Stokes, who bears the same name as his father, the enormously rich banker, is a grandson of James Stokes and Isaac Newton Phelps. He is a cousin of William E. Dodge.

He graduated from Yale in 1895 as an honor man. In the following year he won the Thacher prize for the best speech in debate. So fine a speaker is he that he was selected to lead the Yale representatives in the Yale-Harvard annual debate.

Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr.

He is tall, slender and studious, both in appearance and in fact. He long since announced his resolve to be an Episcopalian minister, and he is now in the theological class at Harvard studying with that end in view.

He was chairman of the Board of Editors of the Yale Daily News while at New Haven, and has occupied many other offices of a character that tend to show his serious interest in life.

The Stokes family have also deviated from the paths of frivolity so often trodden by the wealthy set in the United States. Mr. Stokes is greatly interested in charity, and not long ago established a free library for Italians at the Five Points in New York, one of the innumerable benefactions of a like character.

Mr. Stokes's father has what is described as the finest, if not the largest, country home in America. It is at Lenox, Mass., and is known as Shadowbrook. It contains one hundred guests' chambers. When one of the sons telegraphed from school to his mother that he wished to bring a few chums home for a day or two, she wired him not to bring more than twenty, as the place was positively full.

It has been reported that young Mr. Stokes is in training for the presidency of Yale, and that Professor Hadley looks upon him as a man who in fifteen or twenty years will be best qualified for the place of all the collegians of his acquaintance.

AN AVOWAL ABOUT TRAVELLING

WHY NEW YORKERS LIKE ONL MANHATTAN.

A MAN characteristic of New York has made a horrible confession to me. I do not intend to abuse it for his perdition. I shall not tell his name. But it is an admirable occasion to be sincere. He has said that he does not like to travel and that he hopes never to go further than Newport.

Why should he care to go to a more pretentious place? No locomotive engine leads one to the land of the "Intermezzo," where Heine sang, "Of my tears are born a multitude of flowers and my sighs become a chorus of nightingales." No railway line has a station at the place where "ecstasy immobolizes words as the first shiver of dawn freezes dew on the petals of roses." One might as well, therefore, stay at home or go not further than Newport.

I appreciate intensely his lack of desire to be carried by the iron monster with the blazing mouth to vague and geographic lands; but his confession subsists nevertheless in its cynical crudity. Let us go, then, to a clearing in the forest, where we may be sure of not being heard by any one, and where we may see the importunate come—to Brooks Pond, on Staten Island, for example. He does not like to travel! Nor do I. But we are not alone in that regard. All New Yorkers have the same sentiment. Most of them have the disadvantage over us of not liking nature

They do not disdain the nature of Fort George and of the beaches, provided it be ornamented with fried and broiled things, pop corn, clowns and young women with their hair in their eyes; but they prefer infinitely the landscapes of New York that scene painters represent fictitiously on zinc and canvas in playhouses and concert halls. Few New Yorkers ever go to the Battery to look at the Bay under the fire of the setting sun or under the white rays of the moon. The Bridge with its lights, the tall buildings massed in the lower part of the city, denting the skyline, are to them in reality an indifferent spectacle.

But let a playhouse where one has to pay a high price and live with silk hats in one's back offer a pale copy of New York's natural beauties, and New Yorkers will rush to it ravishingly. Then, the New Yorkers like only travels in New York, in Manhattan, in a Manhattan made of painted zinc or canvas. And yet all go out of town as soon as the sun begins to turn the streets into grills and us go, then, to a clearing in the forest, where we listen to the lamentations of the ocean. Why? I know. It is the only secret of persons characteristic of New York that I may be permitted to tell.

Women who have reception days, who return to one another a Tuesday for a Friday, and whom I know what invisible Locusta compels to drink tea at 5 o'clock, at the hour when dishonest people drink cocktails and honest people nothing at all, ferocious and naïve women, who hope to get something from one another—What? Merciful gods!—know that they are destined to live together, that it is their fate, and that nothing may add to the sum of ideas that they exchange or to the forms in which their ideas may be expressed.

They have left hope at the door. They know that their dialogues are to be the same for fifty years—in New York youth lasts a long time, thanks be given to athletics and games in the open air. They say to one another that on the seashore the speeches are the same, but not the armchairs. The dialogues are immutable, but the scenes are changed. Then there is a reason for new gowns. In New York, when they have ordered a certain number of gowns for Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays and to drink implacable tea at 5 in the afternoon, they do not dare to order new ones. The principal reason not to dare is that it is impossible to pay for them. But when it is necessary to go to the seashore it is indispensable to make a vice of necessity, which is much more agreeable than to make of it a virtue. New gowns are ordered. The men follow, they obey, as they do always, like geese.

As for me, I care not where we are if we may talk there of Shakespeare and Rabelais.